

## WITH THE COLLEGE ATHLETES

DOINGS IN THE FIELD OF SPORT  
IN EAST AND WEST.

**Yale Looming Up for Intercollegiate Track Championships—Michigan's Superiority in Distance Running—National Swimming Title for Pennsylvania.**

It is hard to analyze the probable effect of the special events at the Pennsylvania intercollegiate track championships. The sprint race was served to show that Yale has an excellent man in L. B. Stevens. He ran the final heat in even time, beating J. D. Whitman of Pennsylvania and Sherman of Dartmouth. However, as a sidelight to that performance, it must be mentioned that both Stevens and Whitman broke in the final heat and were not set back, as they should have been, even if the special events were invitation competitions.

Sherman was beaten altogether less than a foot by the winner, and that should call attention to him. After the final heat was run Dr. Bowler, the Dartmouth trainer, was asked by James E. Sullivan whether he wanted to have the race run over. Dr. Bowler said that he did not, adding, "I have seen what Sherman can do. That's enough for me."

Another thing that has to be taken into consideration is that N. J. Cartmell of Pennsylvania, twice the winner of the 100 and 200 yard championships in the intercollegiate, did not compete after the first heat. He was beaten in the heat by Sherman in 10 1-5 seconds. In order that he might be at his best for the one mile relay race that was near at hand he was withdrawn from the subsequent heats of the sprint. Perhaps Mike Murphy was satisfied with what he had seen of his man's work in the single heat. Gamble of Princeton, who was placed in the intercollegiate last year, started in the 100 yard run, but did not qualify for the finals. So far as the Pennsylvania meet is concerned Stevens is to be reckoned with.

Outside of these men, however, there is another to be considered. He is Lockwood, the Harvard sprinter. Lockwood is a big man, coming very fast, and will be heard from beyond a doubt as the season progresses. A man who has followed the performances of all the runners said after the play games that he believed Lockwood would beat all the men who competed in the special 100 yard run there when the time came for serious performances. It certainly leaves the 100 yard run in the intercollegiate games open enough, with the names of Lockwood, Sherman, Stevens, Cartmell, J. D. Whitman, Gamble and Butler to be considered.

Harvard has another sterling man in L. P. Dodge, the captain of the track team, but Dodge may very well show up better in the future spring. In fact, the greater reliance is being placed on him for the 200 yard run, the idea being that Lockwood would do better work for the 100 yards. There is a glut of sprinters all apparently or seemingly of even ability.

However it may be figured out, the belief is beginning to strengthen that Yale will make a showing in the sprints, as will Harvard, and that Pennsylvania will not have anything to say about the sprints, chiefly for the reason that Coach Moakley of Cornell is not trying E. T. Cook, Jr., in the short distance races. Cook did even time when he was a high school boy.

Pennsylvania is well equipped for quarter milers, as the one mile relay race serves to show. Haydock ran within two yards of 50 2-5 seconds and Lloyd Whitman covered his distance in about 50 4-5 seconds. Taylor was expected to do very fast time, but it was clear that the reports before the meet that he was not in his best condition were true. He was against a strong man from Chicago, but even at that his time performance should have been faster. Taylor's time was very close to 52 seconds, very fast for a man of his class.

Cartmell was in good form and ran the fastest relay of the day, 50 1-5 seconds, without apparently hurting himself. Of these four men Cartmell has to be counted out when it comes to the quarter mile. He has to run the other sprints. Haydock, Lloyd, Whitman and Taylor will be sent in for this race and between them they should make a good showing.

Michigan seems to have very little in the quarter mile line, but Cornell has a good one or so. Carpenter is going to do some business with all the quarter milers in the intercollegiate. Harvard's best quarter mile man, De Selding, hardly will fight with

these men and the Yale quarter mile squad is weak.

The middle and long distance races ought to be very interesting. The half mile should be a quality as never before. The Michigan team which won the two mile relay race at Philadelphia is, fortunately for the others, composed of men who have to attend to other races. The only men with whom the Easterners have any chance at all were Bohnack and Rowe. Beck of Pennsylvania ran very close to Bohnack and Rowe, but lost the race. Bohnack and Rowe gained eight yards on Hoyte. But Duer and Coe made a mess of the other Eastern runners. The race gave Whiteley of Princeton no chance to show what he could do, so it still is a problem. Those who have watched Whiteley, however, declare he will be the winner in the half mile race.

So he may be if Halstead of Cornell doesn't beat him. That man Halstead is a find. He started out last fall, never having run before, made the cross-country team and finished second to Haskins. Since the cross-country season he has begun to show real speed, which at first he didn't have. He is one of the men who can run on the track, however, declare he will be the winner in the half mile race. Bohnack is the only one of the Michigan four likely to stick at the half mile. If he is kept for the mile, however, he will be a find. French, Coe will daily with the mile and Rowe and Dull will be in the two mile race.

In the distance races Michigan looks to be certain of a point. Spitzer of Pennsylvania, twice the winner of the 100 and 200 yard championships in the intercollegiate, did not compete after the first heat. He was beaten in the heat by Sherman in 10 1-5 seconds. In order that he might be at his best for the one mile relay race that was near at hand he was withdrawn from the subsequent heats of the sprint. Perhaps Mike Murphy was satisfied with what he had seen of his man's work in the single heat. Gamble of Princeton, who was placed in the intercollegiate last year, started in the 100 yard run, but did not qualify for the finals. So far as the Pennsylvania meet is concerned Stevens is to be reckoned with.

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high jumper, hasn't been heard of much recently at Michigan.

The consensus is that Yale has come up strongly of late in the intercollegiate figure and that Cornell and Michigan are likely to crowd out Pennsylvania. Harvard is recognized as having a better chance in the intercollegiate than at first accorded to the Crimson. There are many who believe it is all between Michigan and Yale for first place. The Yale Daily News has reviewed the intercollegiate in advance and apparently divided the most points between Pennsylvania and Michigan.

The Pennsylvania swimming team which defeated the Chicago team on a recent Western trip contends for the national intercollegiate championship because of that. Chicago's team was the champion of the Western association and Pennsylvania's Eastern champion. However, that does not concern the water polo title, which is not held by Pennsylvania. It was a partial revenge for the defeat in basketball which the Maroons gave to the Pennsylvania team in the championship season in pole in the two teams.

On the Western trip the Chicago A. A. defeated Pennsylvania 51 to 24. The University of Chicago was beaten 35 to 13. The University of Illinois was beaten 33 to 14. Against the Missouri A. C. the Pennsylvania team won in the swimming events, but was beaten in the water polo game, and so lost the meet. It is expected that Shryock, the fast 220 yard swimmer, will get the P for his swim work.

## RIVER TRAFFIC IN MEXICO.

**How Products of the Interior Are Brought to the Coast.**

Tampico correspondence Mexican Herald. It would be a difficult matter to estimate the number of people who are directly dependent upon the mercantile supplies of this port, but it is certain that the number can be written with six figures. More than 5,000 of these boats are in commission on the Tamez and Pango rivers, they vary in length from 20 to 60 feet and carry the wild and cultivated products of the interior to Tampico, where they discharge their cargoes and reload with merchandise and other supplies.

With two great waterways, the Tamez and the Pango, the native navigators find the number of people who are directly dependent upon the mercantile supplies of this port, but it is certain that the number can be written with six figures. More than 5,000 of these boats are in commission on the Tamez and Pango rivers, they vary in length from 20 to 60 feet and carry the wild and cultivated products of the interior to Tampico, where they discharge their cargoes and reload with merchandise and other supplies.

In the early hours of the morning green bananas are piled up along the wharves like cordwood, baskets of coconuts, pineapples, wild and cultivated lemons and oranges and innumerable other products of the tropics can be seen in enormous quantities. And it is surprising how quickly the supply of the day is exhausted. A string of freight cars on the track opposite the market are waiting for a portion of most every cargo, and by noon there is little left of the small fruits and vegetables in moderate quantities.

## A Part of the Treatment.

From the Indianapolis News. "I believe," said Dr. John M. Kitchen, "I was the first physician in northern Indiana to make use of chloroform. I was a young fellow, not much past 21 years old, the ink hardly dry on my sheepskin, when a man came into my office to have an aching tooth pulled out."

"I had a small bottle of chloroform, and with the hardihood of youth I made up my mind to use it. He readily went under the influence of the new anesthetic. I pulled manfully and the grinder came out. I waited, but the patient did not return to consciousness. I lighted a candle and hastily seized a bucket with about two gallons of water in it. I poured it over him. Gasping, he came out from the influence of the chloroform. Then he wanted to know what I meant by giving him such a soaking."

"When it comes to all my professional sang froid I calmly replied: 'That, sir, is a part of the treatment,' and he went away, greatly to my relief, entirely satisfied."

## Catch Trout in Orchards.

North Yakima correspondence Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Game Warden Thomas Mullen of Yakima county has called the sportsmen of this district together to devise some way of protecting the game fish which are now being slaughtered in thousands by being dumped on the orchards and alfalfa fields from the irrigation ditches.

The trout and salmon enter the ditches and then turn off into the alfalfa fields, where they are caught and killed. Attorney Edward Shannon, a friendly like of the sportsmen, has been asked to join in his peer orchard. Clinton Shannon found several trout in his orchard and numerous others have reported similar finds.

Small boys catch long strings of small trout by scooping them from the pools with their hands. Game Warden Mullen says that in some sections of the valley the ranchers who want fish for their tables in the irrigation ditches being more accessible and the water slower and therefore better.

## IN A PRISON OF JERUSALEM

## AN EXPERIENCE WHICH INVOLVED NO LITTLE DANGER.

**For the Herd of Criminals Was Loose in the Courtyard and Demanded Back-sheesh Like Ravens Wolves—Dragoman's Muse Alone Provided a Way Out.**

A page of experiences of a Turkish prison is added to the long record of prison interiors by William O'Brien, M. P., in the Westminster Gazette.

Our excellent dragoman, Alexander, finding that his world of show places in Jerusalem, inexhaustible as it seemed, was panning out and that we were beginning to prefer to revisit the old scenes all by ourselves to muse in the delicious fragrance of the Franciscan Garden of Gethsemane and in the gloomy depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, undisturbed by the chatter to which the best of guides are prone, discovered for himself and us a new world to conquer, says his account.

He gave us to understand that by some unheard of device of diplomacy between the Governor-General and the Consul and himself it might be possible to arrange a visit to the jail in which the most eminent murderers of the age—none of them ranking fewer than twenty years penal servitude, some of them crimson with the blood of half a dozen different victims and some choice spirits actually under sentence of hanging—were immured. In his own experience the privilege had been accorded only once before, and that was eighteen years ago. He intimated that for all practical purposes of the tourist world we should be in a position to say with the Ancient Mariner:

We were the first who ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The distinction did not tempt us, but the chance of comparing the interior of a Turkish jail with the interior of Holloway and Kilmalham and Tullamore and many others, Irish and English, did. As a matter of fact, the presentation of my card demolished all difficulties, as it must be gratefully acknowledged, it did everything for the land of the general, if purchasable and unspeakable, Turk.

The prison is situated in the heart of the Mohammedan quarter, in a street of crumbling magnificence, and of precious Moorish stalactite arches hiding in mysterious shadows, such as an artist would almost welcome penal servitude to be incarcerated in, could he be assured of imbuing his work with its mystical obscurities. The only thing which distinguished the prison from any of the other tumbledown rookeries, or latticed harems, of the street was a group of unwashed and unkempt prisoners, who made a long and narrow entrance and whose rifles were the only part that seemed to have enjoyed the care of a paternal government.

On the opposite side of the street stood the penitentiary, in which some hundreds of the minor fry of the criminal classes purged their peccadilloes; but having the tall poppies of the assassin world to choose from, the prisoners in the Turkish prison were of a different order. The Governor's house, House, did I say? Our worthy Governor's quarters were confined to one crazy room on the level of the street, his secretary, surrounded by a gallery of photos of eminent miscreants of his acquaintance, lying in the only corner where any serious amount of sunlight penetrated; and his bed modestly stowed away in the corner opposite, while his official majesty was hedged around with so little ceremony that a one-eyed thief, a soldier and a beggar woman stepped in and out of his study street to join in our conversation. The Governor, like every other Turkish official I had the pleasure of meeting, was a model

of simple courtesy and good fellowship. He began business by producing his cigarette case and treating us to a thimbleful of luxurious Turkish coffee as generally as an Irish host would produce his decanter. Linguistically we got on amicably, though hardly, by means of an exchange of abominable bad French and bad Arabic for the Governor had little French and no English.

The duties of hospitality completed we stepped across the street into a crypt, where Alexander and myself surrendered our sticks to the soldiers before an officer was unlocked for us at the bottom of a heavy iron barred gate, through which we had to stoop to squeeze ourselves as into some subterranean prison. We found ourselves locked in between the iron gate through which we had been admitted and a second iron gate, a yard in front, which opened into the prison courtyard. Yare the misfortunes entailed on poor humanity from the days of Babel down to the confusion of tongues began to overtake us. As we presently discovered, the Governor, the dragoman and myself got entangled in a hopeless riot of misinterpretations in three languages. It never occurred to me that the visit was to be otherwise than an ordered inspection of ranges of cells and private interviews with the Governor—a mere commonplace ceremonial of the Irish or English order, of course, an element of Oriental back-sheesh thrusting its way into the bargain, and Alexander, with a length of face I did not in the least understand at the moment, asked me if I really desired to see the prisoners. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "What on earth else did we come for?"

The little wicket in the inner gate was thereupon unlocked, and the Governor was the first to step into the prison courtyard. I immediately followed. Alexander crawled through it, with a countenance lengthier than ever, but with the expression of resignation with which the Oriental accepts the maddest of his countrymen's caprices, and I followed. The Governor, the dragoman and myself got entangled in a hopeless riot of misinterpretations in three languages. It never occurred to me that the visit was to be otherwise than an ordered inspection of ranges of cells and private interviews with the Governor—a mere commonplace ceremonial of the Irish or English order, of course, an element of Oriental back-sheesh thrusting its way into the bargain, and Alexander, with a length of face I did not in the least understand at the moment, asked me if I really desired to see the prisoners. "Why, certainly," was the reply. "What on earth else did we come for?"

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some of them waiting to be hanged, and all of them pretty well deserving to be, and from their throats came the yell which makes one word, at least, of the Arabic language as familiar as the name of Cook to the European traveller—the hoarse hungry yell of "Back-sheesh!"

This unexpected invasion seemed no doubt to leave a good deal to be desired in the direction of Turkish prison discipline, but having been born myself to sufficient contempt for "law and order," and being, moreover, one of those who, with Lord Mansfield, regard the criminal on his hurdle as no blacker than the Judge who sentenced him, I was not much perturbed by the blasphemous and wild animal growls of my new acquaintances. I soon also began to distinguish amid the mob two prison warders, each carrying a whip, but in little else, either of dress, or, indeed, physiognomy, distinguishable from their murderous flock. The purse of medallions and "metallics" had been confiscated. Alexander, but as it was now evident that the distribution of the coin was to be the first and indeed only practical business of our visit in the eyes of the wolves who were leaping in upon us, the purse bearer began to look as nervous as a nervous cat soon grew to panic.

A happy thought, however, of the Governor saved the situation for the moment. The purse was transferred to my own hand, and I was able to make the distribution in small quantities without any danger of a general grab with tooth and claw. A short speech of remonstrance from the Governor, reinforced by an unconscious application of the warders' whips upon the bare shins of the ringleaders, obtained a temporary success for an arrangement by which the headsman of each doorway of eight or ten cells was to be entrusted with the distribution of the coin, and I was able to receive his comrades' allowance, which was thereupon ticked off by the Governor on my notebook.

So little was a slow process; it became more and more evident that nothing short of another miracle of the loaves and fishes would make the 50 francs of any avail to satisfy the multitude. They pressed, in more and more aggressive and with eyes like dagger thrusts and greedy yells, some of them brandishing the tools with which they had been employed on prison labor and which they were now using as weapons, and the Governor's face, I noticed, grew as pale as the face of a woman in the course of her first real glimpse of the situation came through a roar of pain from the unfortunate dragoman, who, with an agonized groan, whispered to me, "They'll murder us!"

So little had either my wife or myself realized the situation, for, understanding little of what was passing, and taking it for granted that all the passion and fury were simply the Oriental mode of scrambling for coppers, I was on the best of terms with our murderous friends, addressed some excellent observations to them in the English language, and was allowed to turn them back in a rough and tumble way without resistance—so exaggerated, I say, seemed Friend Alexander's alarm that I burst out laughing. But the moment I saw his face, livid with terror, the laugh came to an untimely end. "They're pinching my arm like knives and threatening to kill me," he whispered, and I dare say by way of rebuke to my misplaced merriment, "it will happen to my wife and children!"

The argument was not to be answered. But how to get away? For the two iron gates were locked behind us, the Governor and the two luckless warders were cornered in the middle of the courtyard, and the black deluge of rascality around us, and if it had once come to a rush they could have had our money or our lives, or both combined, before there would be the slightest chance of our being able to creep out through the tiny iron wickets between up and liberty. Even the high tide of his noble stroke of genius worthy of his illustrious prototype inspired Alexander. "Our supply of money is exhausted. We

must go out for change," he shouted with whatever ghastly cheerfulness he could muster to the wolves who had him by the neck and shoulders.

The promise of a fresh prey had an instantaneous effect. The wolves fell swiftly back while the iron wickets were being unlocked, and Alexander and myself were creeping through the next moment, the looks clicked comfortably behind us, and we were safe in the guardroom, receiving the congratulations of the soldiers who had been watching the drama through the bars. Like many another who has earned laurels on false pretences, I was anxious to find myself a hero in the eyes of the Turks for the cheerfulness and coolness with which, in utter ignorance of the danger, I confronted and kept the hands of a prisoner. I had not Turkish enough to undeceive them as to my own part in the scene, but honest Alexander was so little in the mood to compete with me for heroic fame that he contented himself with silently wiping the sweat from his brow. I expected every moment to see him drop on his knees to thank Heaven for his deliverance. He told me it never occurred to him that he was performing a feat of heroism, but that as I was foolish enough to risk my life by venturing into the midst of the assassins he felt in honor bound to follow me. But he drew the line firmly at the ready to step into the man's hands after us.

You may naturally ask, Why not have avoided the danger by intrusting the back-sheesh to the Governor for distribution? He told me that the Governor had been warned that if the back-sheesh was entrusted to an official not a tin "metallic" of it would ever reach the hands of a prisoner. He further shook to European susceptibilities be not one too many let me confide to you in a whisper which, luckily, can never reach either the ears of Alexander or the Turkish authorities. You are a brave man. That you may go to heaven, and shaking my hand, disappeared into his barrack. And the really astounding feature of the compliment was that this soldier had been about the only person, gentle as an ass, who had met in the course of our visit who had neither received nor petitioned for back-sheesh.

## ANIMALS ALL AMBIDEXTROUS.

**Why Man Gives Preference to Right Hand Over the Left.**

From the Chicago Tribune.

Night handedness and right eyedness goes with genius home. Dr. George M. Gould has watched for them in squirrels that use their front paws to hold nuts, cats that strike at insects in the air or play with wounded mice and in many other animals, but he is certain no preference is given to the right side over the left.

But in the lowest human savages all over the world choice in greater experience of one hand is clearly present. One cause for its development is in primitive military customs. In all tribes and countries since man used implements of offence and defence the left side, where the heart lies, has been protected by the shield, and the right hand was called the spear hand.

Next to fighting came commerce. The fundamental condition of bartering was counting with the low numbers, one to ten. The fingers of the free or right hand were naturally first used, and all fingers to ten are called digits, as are the figures themselves, while the basis of our numbering the decimal or ten fingered system. Every drill and action of the soldier from ancient times to the present has been right handed in every detail. Firing from the right shoulder and sighting with the right eye brings the right eye to the front of the head. It is significant that with the decline of militarism comes the suggestion of schools of movement for promulgating the gospel of two handedness and its obvious advantages.

# The Universal Providers

Wholesale Export Retail

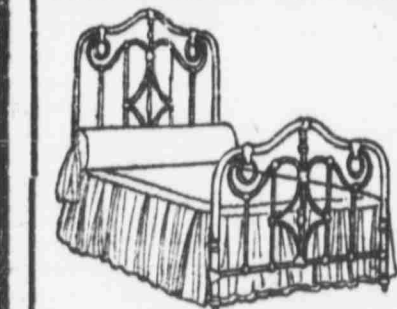
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### This Week a Sale of Iron Bedsteads

There is an unlimited supply representing the entire output of one of the biggest manufacturers in the country—so everybody can be accommodated, but you must take advantage of the prices during the week beginning to-morrow and ending Saturday, May 16. Together with the bedsteads themselves there will be sold, at relatively low prices, the necessities that go toward the complete outfitting of a bedroom, including Woven Wire Springs, Mattresses, Blankets, Comfortables, Bed Spreads, Pillows, Pillow Cases, Towelings, Couch Covers, Couches, Bed Linen, Iron Wash Stands, etc.

#### \$8.75 BRASS AND IRON BED.



4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. 1-1-16 in. continuous posts, 5-16 in. fillers, 3/4 in. brass hush rods... 5.75

#### \$8.00 BRASS AND IRON BED.



4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. 1-1-16 in. continuous posts, 5-16 in. fillers, 3/4 in. brass hush rods... 5.25

#### An immense variety of Full Brass Beds in all the latest and most approved designs.

\$20.80 full brass bed, all sizes, 2 in. post, 1/2 in. cross bars, 3/4 in. brass right fillers... 13.50  
\$23.00 full brass bed, all sizes, 2 in. continuous post, 3/4 in. fillers... 22.00

#### WOVEN-WIRE SPRINGS

\$2.50 steel-frame woven-wire springs... 1.55  
\$3.75 steel-frame woven-wire springs... 2.50

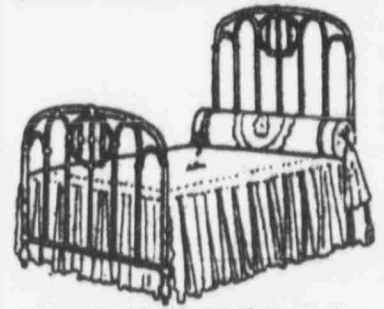
#### WOVEN-WIRE COTS

\$1.50 woven-wire wood-frame cot... 1.00  
\$3.00 woven-wire steel-frame cot... 2.00

#### SPECIALS IN MATTRESSES

\$3.50 Soft top and bottom... 2.20  
\$2.00 Fibre top and bottom... 3.40  
\$2.00 Cotton felt... 5.50  
\$4.00 Spec. mix. hair, per lb... .29  
75 Gray drawings, per lb... .49  
75 Bed pillows, per lb... .50  
0.75 R. E. Spring... 6.50  
Oriental striped couch covers in a variety of designs... .74  
A large assortment of other styles at equally low prices, up to \$50.00

#### \$10.00 BRASS AND IRON BED.



4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. 1-1-16 in. continuous posts, 5-16 in. fillers, 3/4 in. brass hush rods... 6.75

#### \$9.50 BRASS AND IRON BED.



4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. 1-1-16 in. continuous posts, 5-16 in. fillers, 3/4 in. brass hush rods... 6.25

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Sale of "Onyx" Hosiery

"Onyx" hosiery is too well known to women throughout the country to need any word of commendation from us. Very seldom, indeed, is it offered under price, but that unusual occasion is—here to-morrow. Several thousand pairs of this famous hosiery, including embroidered styles and new open-work designs, in blacks, tans, and many novelty effects. Every pair best grade imported lisle thread. Regularly 50c and 75c a pair. At... 32c pair

Main Floor

#### Sale of Silks

The same remarkable values are presented here as in last Monday's successful sale:

75c and 85c Taffetas at 50c; 19 inches; range of street and evening shades.  
2.50 White Taffetas at 1.65; heavy lustrous quality; 35 1/2 inches.  
1.00 Chiffon Taffetas at 68c; in twenty light and dark tones.  
1.00 Messallines at 68c; 19 inches; in complete color range.  
1.25 Pneu de Cygne at 95c; pure dye black warp; shot, white, green, red, blue, purple and brown.  
75c Rough Pongees at 58c; 24 in.; in smart colors.  
1.10 Pekin Chevron Surah Silks at 78c; in monotone effects; 20 inches.  
1.50 Satin Majesty at 1.15; in soft finish, ivory and white; 21 in.  
1.50 Imported Messalline at 1.15; white, ivory and cream; 22 1/2 in.  
85c Louise at 68c; in ivory and white; 19 in.  
1.25 Louise at 85c; white and ivory; 19 1/2 in.  
Main Floor

#### Stirring Values in Silk-and-Wool Novelties

Silk-and-wool sublime, in the clinging-silken finish; 38-in., in lavender, pink, ciel, cream, gray, navy, brown, red and black; regularly 1.00 yd., at... 65c

Silk-and-wool duchess cloth; the silk's woven over the top to effect a lustrous, shining surface, and the wool is added to give body and graceful draping qualities; the result is a sumptuous cloth, admirably adapted to outer wraps, capes and elaborate frocks; 40-in., regularly 2.00 yd., at... 1.00

Main Floor

## An Interesting Stroll Through an Interesting Store

A section of our Third Floor is completely stocked with handsome furniture for Summer Homes; just beyond is as full and artistic a showing of upholstery fabrics, of every conceivable sort, as this city can present; on to a brilliantly-lighted section (electric lamps) which is nothing short of fairyland transplanted; examine the artistic assemblage of Summer floor-coverings, everything from a bathroom mat to elegant Japanese matting for the whole house. While the merchandise displayed is of an unusual and distinctive character—

Medium-Priced Goods Predominate Throughout.

#### Women's and Misses' 7.00 and 8.00 Boots And Oxfords, 4.50

For Monday's and Tuesday's selling only. These boots and oxfords are our regular 7.00 and 8.00 bench-made stock. They represent the highest grade shoemaking possible, and come in the finest leathers t